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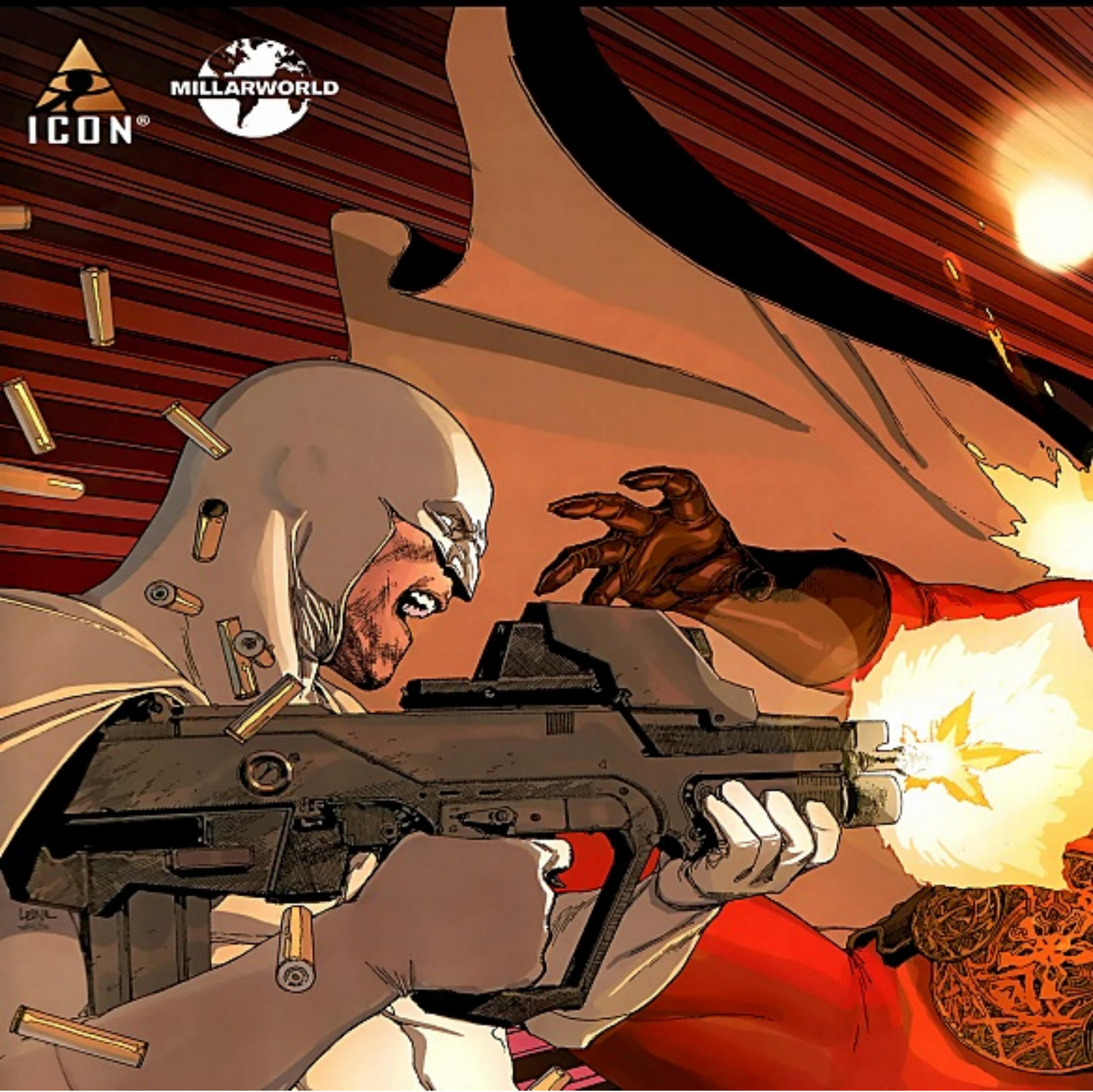

MILLAR & McNIVEN'S NEMESIS

PART FOUR

PREVIOUSLY

The world's most notorious super-criminal has left a trail of dead police officers across Asia, but that was prelude to his ultimate target: Washington, D.C.'s finest, Chief Blake Morrow. Nemesis has kidnapped the president, murdered the entire staff of the Pentagon, violently escaped police custody and taken Morrow's children. Nemesis forces Morrow to reveal his darkest secrets, then returns his children, but not before artificially inseminating his daughter by her own brother. Morrow, armed with Nemesis' secret identity by a police mole, sets out to stop Nemesis from completing his grand plan, the death of Morrow at midnight on March the Twelfth.

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WASHINGTON, D.C.:
How the hell does he fake being his own *uncle?* Howard Anderson must be *eighty* or *ninety.*
SWAT
SW-1

They made *Brad Pitt* look like an old man, Sergeant. Anything's possible if you have the right *budget.*
Well, another human being makes a hell of a *hiding place,* Chief. How long you think Nemesis was *impersonating* him? Months? *Years?*

Impossible to say. All I know is that I played baccarat with Howard every Tuesday evening. I could have been sitting *right across* from this creature.
So look who's having the last laugh *now,* boss. All of a sudden that creepy little *calling card* doesn't look so *scary.*

Blake Morrow
March 12th at midnight
Flatline still counts

He's *the world's most dangerous man,* Stuart. We can't take *anything* for granted.

THE ESTATE OF HOWARD ANDERSON:
What are we looking at?
One warm body in the master bedroom and he seems to be *asleep*. Nobody else in the building, Cap. All his staff are home by nine.
This mean the real uncle was *murdered*?
I guess so.
Smart son of a bitch, huh?
Not so smart that we didn't get a *mole* on his team. Are the *sewers* blocked, Carnahan?
All exits have been *closed*, Chief. The only thing they're waiting for is for you to give the *go-ahead*.

Kirby did good.
Best undercover in the business, Sergeant. He hasn't let me down in almost twenty years.
Ready when you are, Blue Team.
Roger that, Ground-Control...
Upstairs! Now! Don't waste any time!
GO! GO! GO!

Holy shit!
What the hell's going on, Blue Team? What's the delay?
00:03
Everybody out! It's a trap!
Back!

"Oh, Blake. You really are quite *gullible* for such an educated man."

Posing as *my uncle* this whole time? Lying in bed just *waiting* for you to kill me?
I've known about your mole from *the beginning*, dear fellow. All those *facts* he passed along came from *me*.
How? How could you *possibly* have known?
Because The Master had a mole of his *own*, Chief.

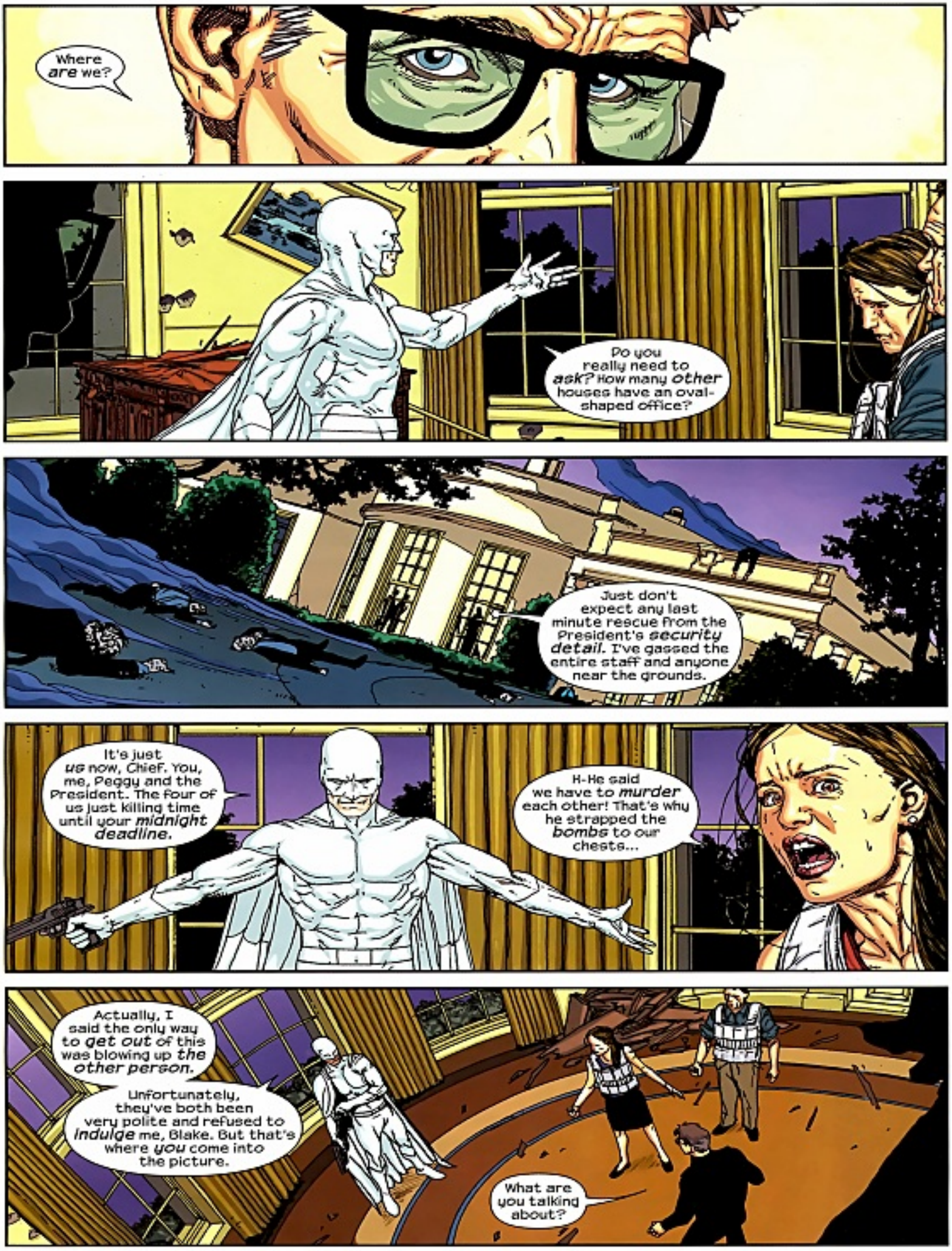
Stuart?
Oh my God. *Why*? Why would you *do* this?
Ten million dollars is a lot of money, sir. The Master had me *watching you* for *eight full years*.

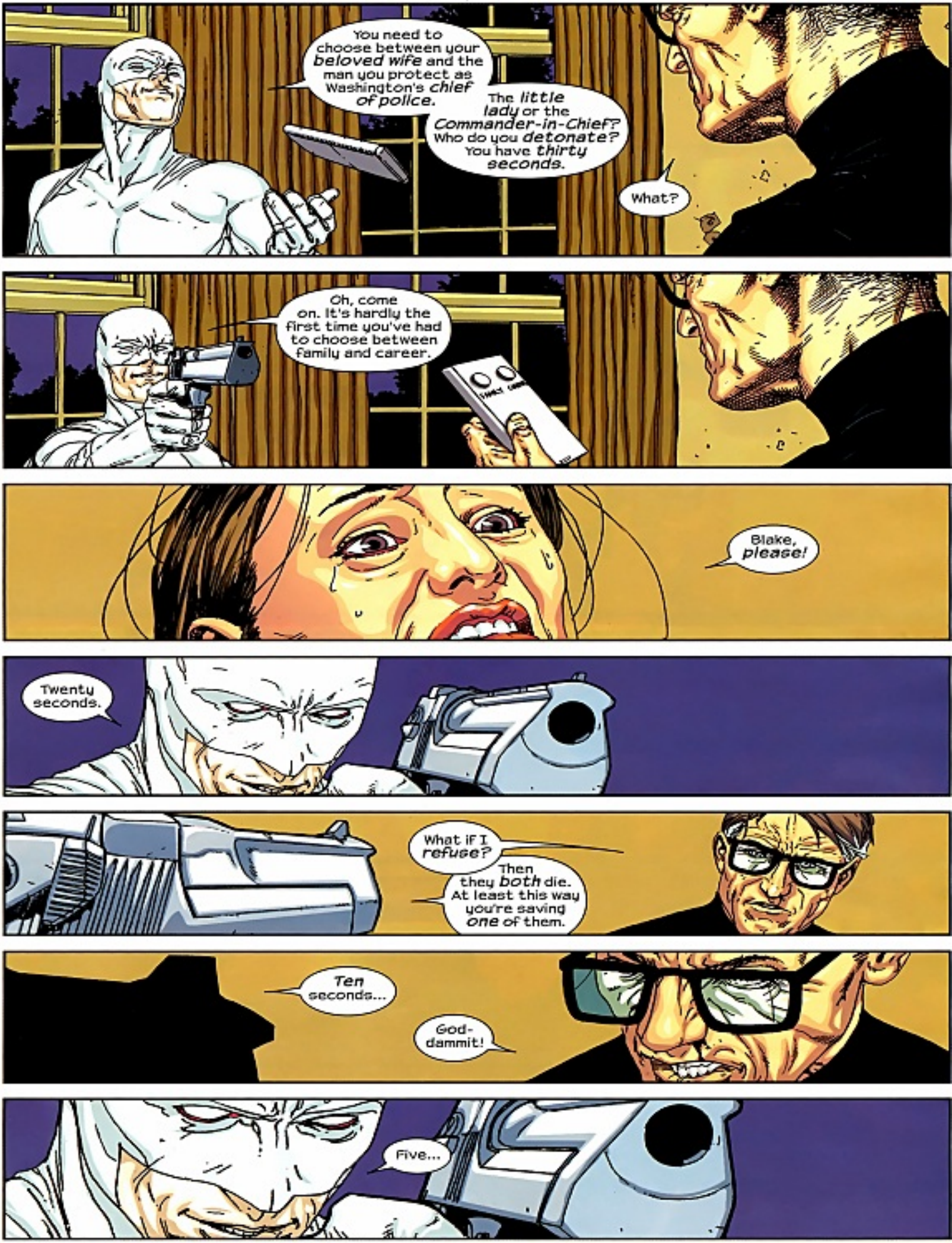
That's how *far ahead* he works on these adventures. He's got every cop he wants to kill booked ahead for *years*.
What are you *talking* about? I thought it was *me* you wanted. Isn't this revenge for the death of your *parents*?

What parents?
How vain must you be? Did you really think a man would devote his entire life just to getting even with you?
Are you really that much of an egomaniac?
What are you talking about?
I'm not Matthew Anderson and never have been. The real Matthew died in an Indian whorehouse after squandering his inheritance.
This entire thing has been a ruse.
What?
Hubris is the downfall of every great man, Sergeant Lee. It's how I've beaten all of my opponents around the world and Blake Morrow here is no exception.
The revenge-fueled son was fun to play, but I'm planning something different for Rome next year. My target there is more social and provincial.
I'm going to bait that policeman through his wayward brother.
Meanwhile, I'll be sunning myself in Costa Rica with my ten million bucks. You know his henchmen retire after every job?

Well, that's *one* way of putting it...
So this is what you *do*, huh? Travel the world bringing *misery* to people? Searching for hope so you can grind it into *the dirt*?
Is *this* what you bring to the world? *Pain* and *suffering*?
I think that's a pretty accurate assessment.
Who *are* you?
I'm *rich* and I'm *bored*.
What else do you need to *know*?

B-Blake?
I believe you've met the President before. Your wife you obviously know very well.


Where *are* we?
Do you really need to *ask?* How many *other* houses have an oval-shaped office?
Just don't expect any last minute rescue from the President's *security detail.* I've gassed the entire staff and anyone near the grounds.
It's just *us* now, Chief. You, me, Peggy and the President. The four of us just killing time until your *midnight deadline.*
H-He said we have to *murder* each other! That's why he strapped the *bombs* to our chests...
Actually, I said the only way to *get out* of this was blowing up *the other person.*
Unfortunately, they've both been very polite and refused to *indulge* me, Blake. But that's where *you* come into the picture.
What are you talking about?


You need to choose between your beloved wife and the man you protect as Washington's chief of police.
The little lady or the Commander-in-Chief? Who do you detonate? You have thirty seconds.
What?
Oh, come on. It's hardly the first time you've had to choose between family and career.
Blake, please!
Twenty seconds.
What if I refuse?
Then they both die. At least this way you're saving one of them.
Ten seconds...
God-dammit!
Five...

Blake?
Four...
Oh, fuck you!
Excuse me?
I've had enough of this shit! You kidnap me! Murder my friends! Terrorize this entire city...
...and you think I'm going to just stand here? I ate punks like you for breakfast back in Vietnam!
Uh, I'm not entirely sure where this is going, sir. Have you got some kind of kung-fu action skills I didn't know about?
Hit the button, Chief. It'll be a pleasure.
What?

Holy shit.
I'm covered in old person.

Ungh!
GNNK!
NGH!
NGH!

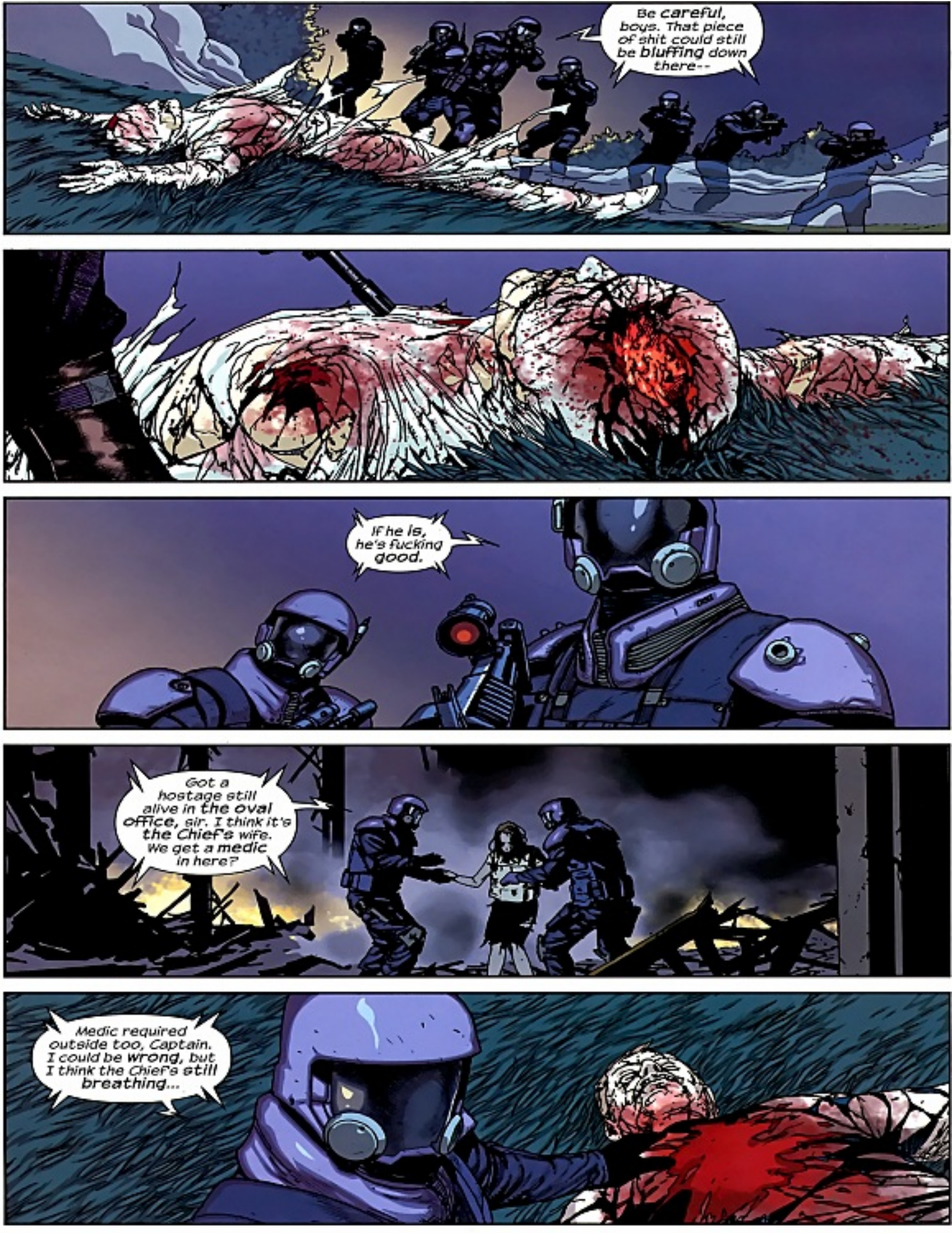
You lucky old bastard! If I hadn't been messed up by that bomb I'd have--
UNGH!
This is for all the *people* you've hurt! For everything you did to my *family*--
Take 'em down! I want a clean sweep!

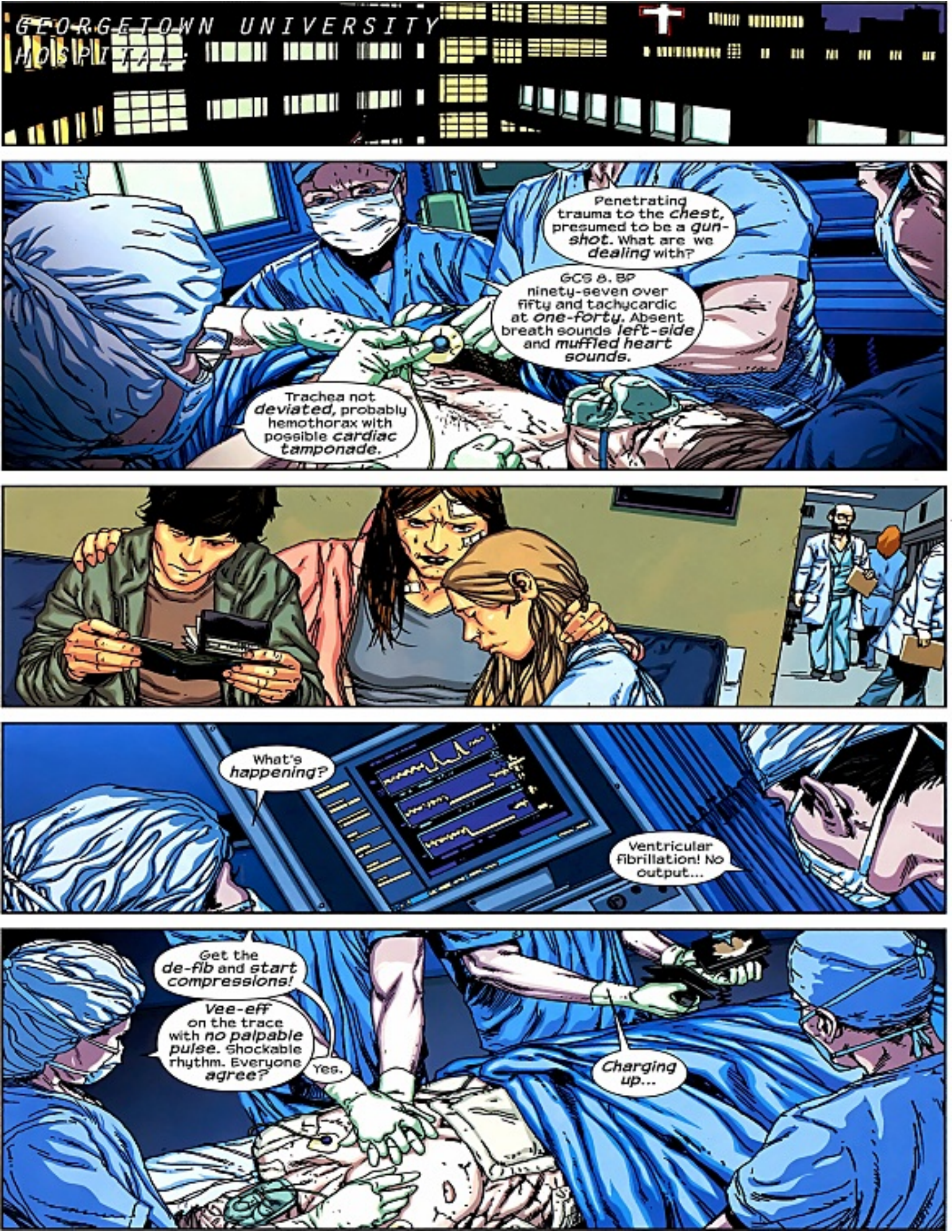
Hahahaha!
Oh God. This is priceless! Priceless! I'm too rich to fail! Don't you understand? People like me never lose!

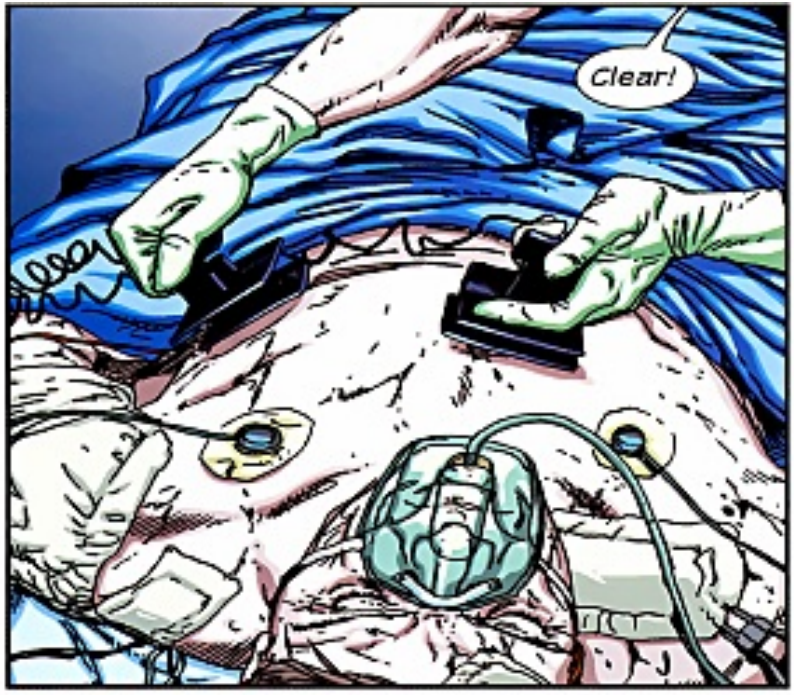
The card said midnight and midnight it'll be, you old asshole! I've killed better men than you, you know!

Go for it.

Holy shit!
They just took each other out!


Be careful, boys. That piece of shit could still be bluffing down there--
If he is, he's fucking good.
Got a hostage still alive in the oval office, sir. I think it's the Chief's wife. We get a medic in here?
Medic required outside too, Captain. I could be wrong, but I think the Chief's still breathing...


GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL
Penetrating trauma to the chest, presumed to be a gun-shot. What are we dealing with?
GCS 8. BP ninety-seven over fifty and tachycardic at one-forty. Absent breath sounds left-side and muffled heart sounds.
Trachea not deviated, probably hemothorax with possible cardiac tamponade.
What's happening?
Ventricular fibrillation! No output...
Get the de-fib and start compressions!
Vee-eff on the trace with no palpable pulse. Shockable rhythm. Everyone agree?
Yes.
Charging up...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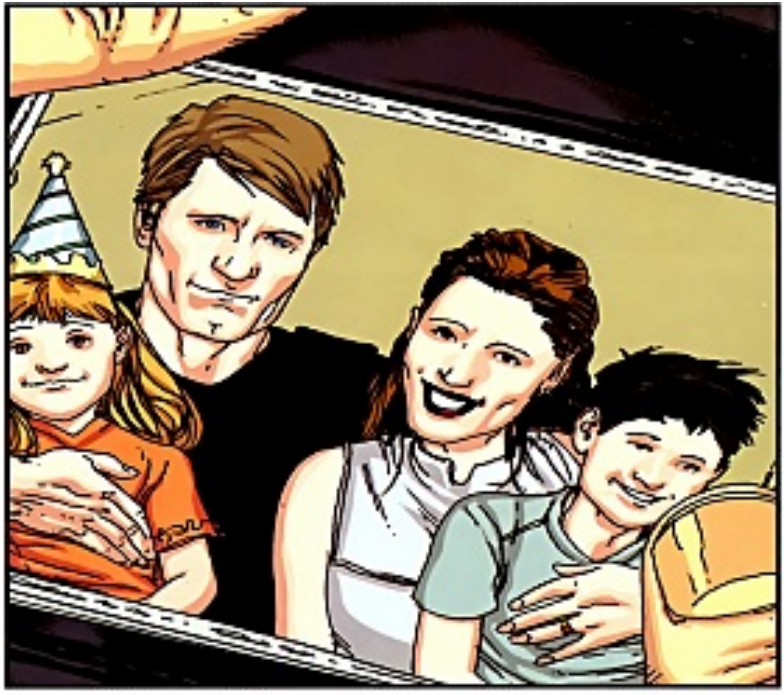
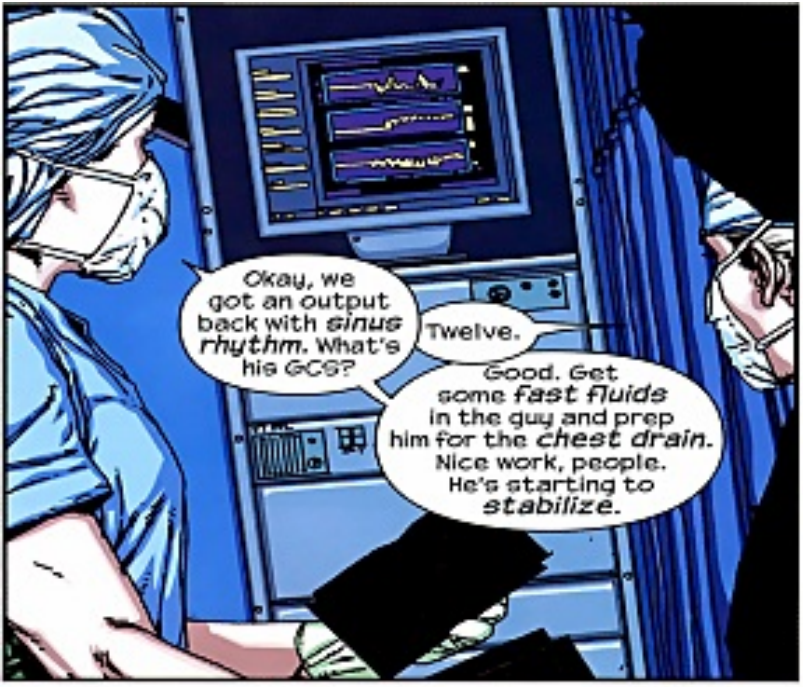


Clear!

Clear!


Okay, we got an output back with *sinus rhythm*. What's his GCS?
Twelve.
Good. Get some *fast fluids* in the guy and prep him for the *chest drain*. Nice work, people. He's starting to *stabilize*.

Blake Morrow
March 12th at midnight
Flatline still counts

My dear Chief Morrow,

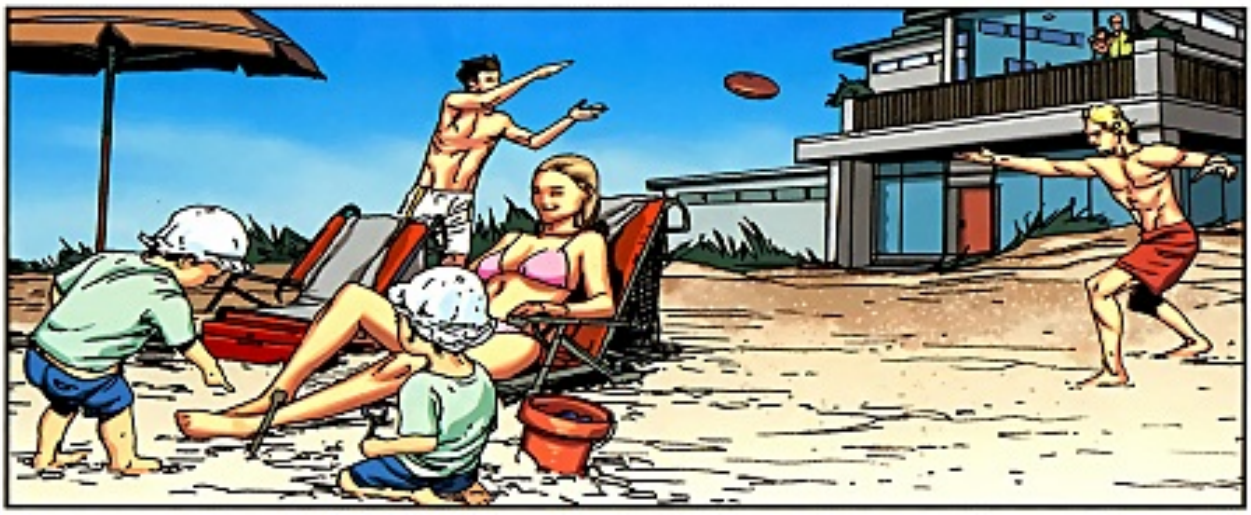
First of all, may I congratulate you on your success against a most formidable opponent. You succeeded where many significant others failed and deserve all the accolades paid to you in the media.

I was also impressed to see you step aside and allow a rival to take your place as the head of Homeland Security.

This had long been an ambition of yours and it showed **tremendous character** to put your family before your career aspirations.

I am a family man myself and religious as you are, which is why I was also pleased to see your daughter carry those triplets full-term and the subsequent adoption by you and your charming wife.

This vacation is surely **much-needed** and I'm heartened to see you all **spending time** together.



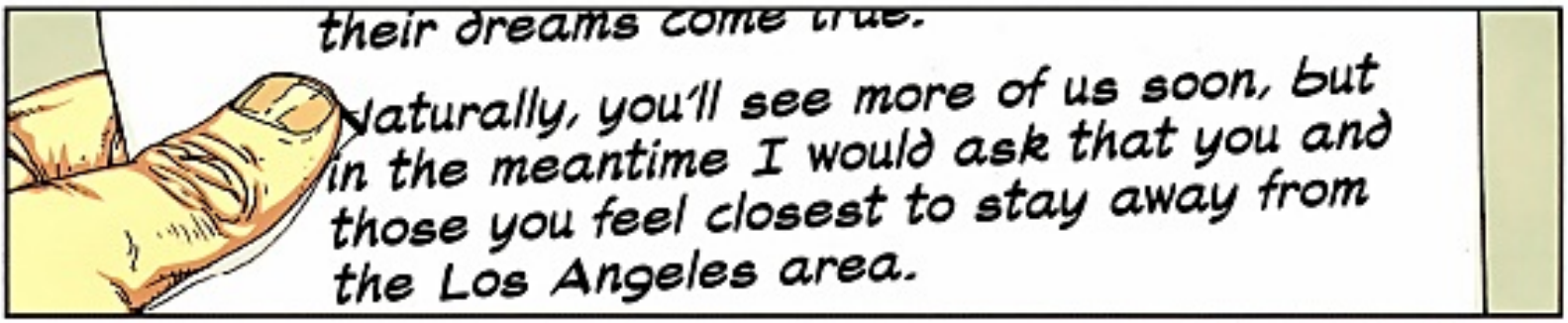
I would also like to assure you that you and your family will be quite safe from any and all of my **future customers.**

You beat Nemesis **most definitively** and it would be immoral for you to be targeted again when **next year's** super villains are unveiled to the world.

I run a *business*, you see. where the rich and the bored can savor *adventure* for a few short weeks of every year.

We've focused mainly on the *Pacific Rim*, but our services are expanding to the West with relish and my client-list has been growing healthily even in the current *financial crisis*.

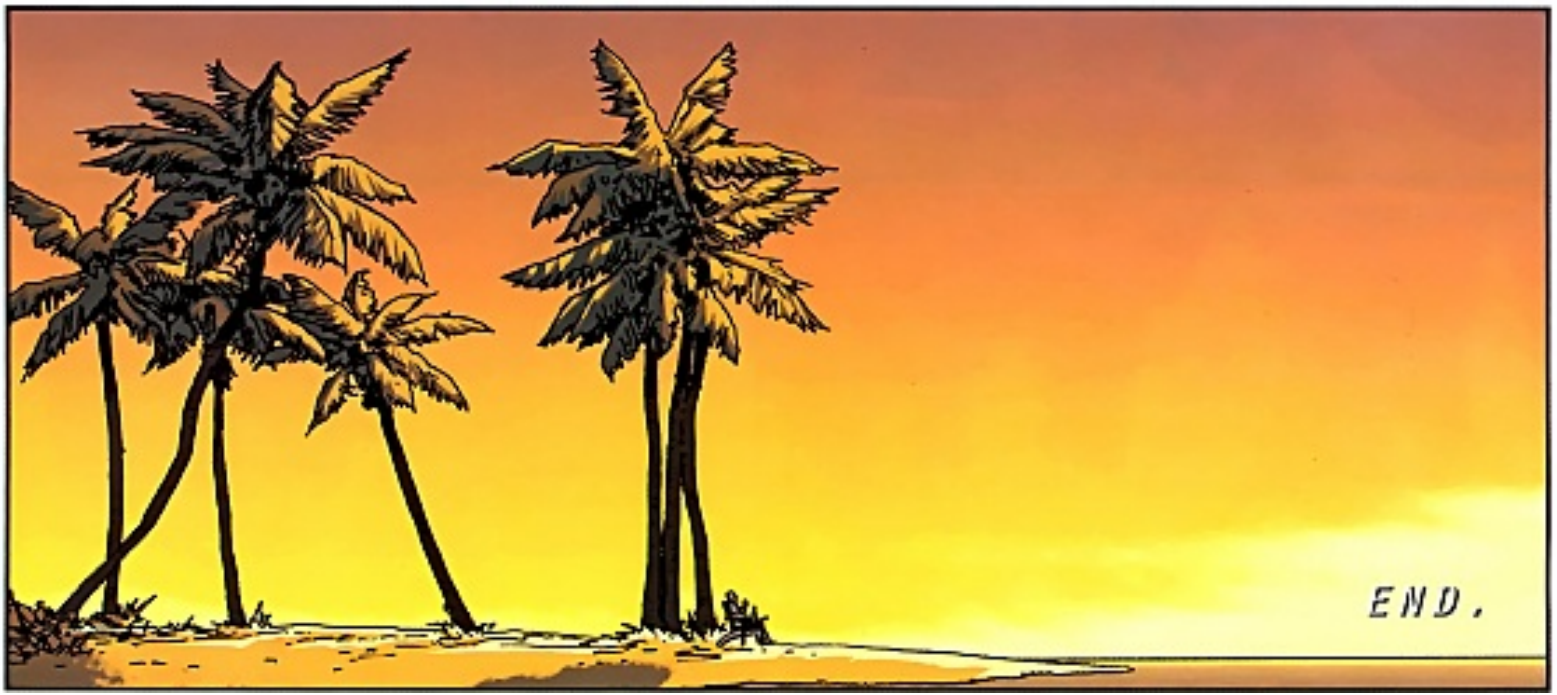
Perhaps it's the zeitgeist with modern Hollywood, but they all want to be *super villains* at the moment and my artists and engineers are working *night and day* to make their dreams come true.


their dreams come true.
Naturally, you'll see more of us soon, but in the meantime I would ask that you and those you feel closest to stay away from the Los Angeles area.

What is it, Blake? What's *wrong*?
I-I'm not sure. I need a moment to *process* all this...
Your 1907 *Heidsieck*, sir. Compliments of the gentleman who left you the letter. It's the most expensive wine in *the world*, you know. But I'm assuming you'd still like to *taste* it first?

Actually, that's the *peculiar thing*, Mister Morrow. The card and the wine have been here since I started with *very specific instructions*...

"...he delivered these ten years ago."


END.

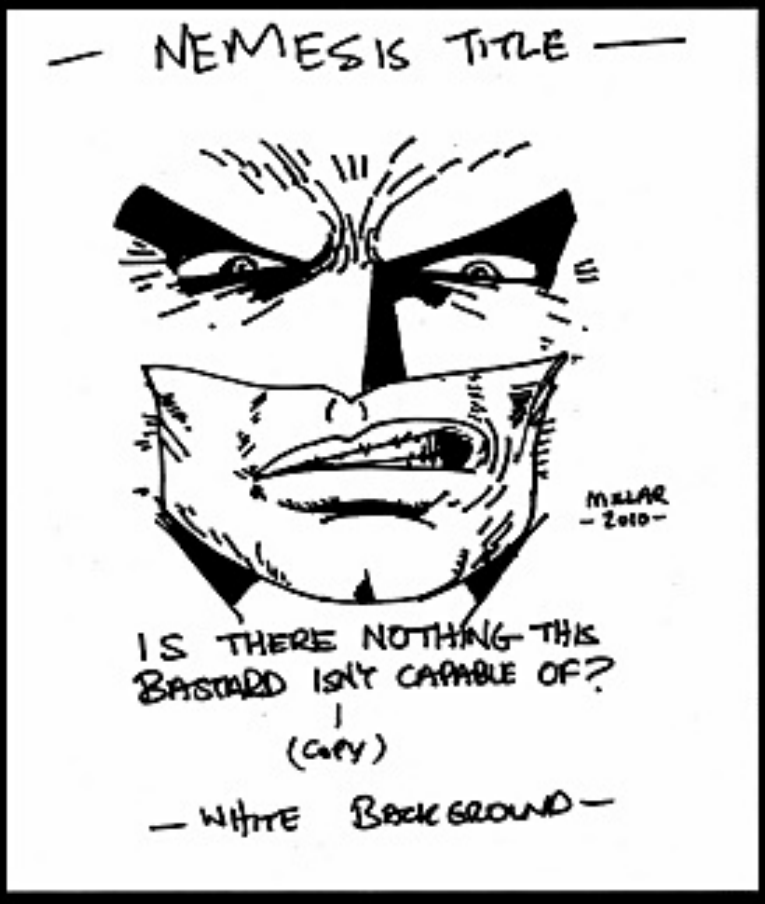
NEMESIS

DISPATCHES OF PURE EVIL

There you have it, Nem-heads! Nemesis is dead, long live Nemesis! The most shocking and controversial book in comics is over, for now, but Mark and Steve are already hatching their own evil master-plan for more Nemesis. Sadly, all of you Nemesissies are going to have to wait a while for Volume 2 (both Mark and Steve have INCREDIBLE things planned that the mere announcement of said projects will cause you to lose control of your bowels again). But don't worry, Neme-citizens, it'll be worth the wait.

Here's a little extra treat for all of you Nemphomaniacs. Just to prove his renaissance man-ishness, Mark decided to put the keyboard away and pick up a pencil and draw the variant cover for this issue. And he not only turned in one version, he knew all you Nemelemedingdongs would be hungry for another. So here are both drawings that Mark submitted!

Until next time…



FROM STAR

A SNEAK PEEK AT HOW EACH P
SCRIPT TO PENCILS

Page Fourteen

1/ Cool shot of Blake Morrow, himself a total mess from everything he's been through, leaping onto Nemesis here.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Impact as the fight begins.

NEMESIS: UNGH!

3/ The first of many satisfying blows from Blake Morrow, all the corpses lying around them here from earlier as they fight.

NEMESIS: GNNK!

4/ Nemesis continues to get a beating, still completely fucked up from earlier and unable to defend himself as easily as normal.

NEMESIS: NGH!

5/ Another great smack from The Chief.

NEMESIS: NGH!

T TO FINISH

PAGE OF *NEMESIS* GOES FROM TO FULL COLOR ART!

Page Seventeen

1/ Blake leaps for his gun.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Nemesis grabs his and hammers the clip into the base of the gun as he aims it out towards us.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ Big, iconic shot as we pull back and see them both shooting the other. Nemesis having the back of his head exploding and Blake being shot through the chest. They both fire at exactly the same time after loading the guns at exactly the same pace. Both wounds look fatal.

NO DIALOGUE

4/ Cut to above as the chopper pilots see the whole thing and we see nearby troops moving in with massive guns.

PILOT: HOLY SHIT! They just took each other out!

minutemen

Stipe U, Sons

MINUTEM
TERMINA

MEN
TED TOONS